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1892

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Wild-Bird's Souvenir Series.

No. 5.

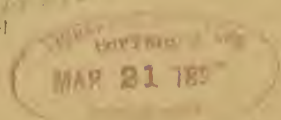
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"HE IS RISEN."

THE COMING GLORY.

Wm. L. Frank

DENVER, COLO.

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Ps 351
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"HE IS RISEN."

The women early woke, and wept
Because in death the Savior slept;
The Marys and Salome rise,
Joanna, too, with tearful eyes;
Sweet ointment most pure and rare,
To Jesus' tomb they trembling bare,
In grief that words can ne'er express,
Nor shadow forth its tenderness!
The Light of Israel has fled,
The Christ, the Christ Himself is dead!

The promise for the third day given,
The greatest gift of God from Heaven,
His mourning friends remembered not:
But never by His foes forgot,
The sepulcher was sealed with care;
The Roman soldiers guarded there;
Their silent vigils well they keep;
To Roman guards 'tis death to sleep.
But all in vain their courage bold;
No stony crypt our God can hold,
Nor stay the promise given of old.

“The Bridegroom cometh!” yet no lamp
Shines out upon the pathway damp.
The children of Jerusalem
Should greet Him with a diadem,
And cry “Hosanna” to His name!
But there’s no little one to shout;
And will “the very stones cry out?”

The day is dawning. Hark! what sound
Is that now shakes the troubled ground?
The earth its rocky mantle rends,
The angel of the Lord descends!
His countenance like lightning shone;
His robe like snow to look upon;
And rolling back the door of stone,
He sat upon it! Naught was heard
From human lip, for then the guard,
Become like dead men, ’round him lay,
Helpless and dumb at this display.

Our blessed Lord lies cold in death,
Wrapped in the odors’ piercing breath;
A hundred pounds of spices there
Fill all the tomb with subtle air;
A hundred pounds enwrap the form,
More chilling than earth’s fiercest storm.
No living man his life had kept,
In such a bed of spices wrapped.
And yet the mighty Son of God,
His torn heart emptied of His blood,

Awoke to life, and cast aside
The kind embalmers' wrappings wide.
An angel opened wide the door;
Did angels wait upon Him more?
And were they sent with holy hands
To gently loose the spicy bands?
Did they the precious napkin fold?
'Tis best that all we are not told;
For though the mount was all ablaze
With angel hosts, and songs of praise,
Not these should turn our eyes aside
From Christ the King, the Crucified.

Oh, where are Peter, James and John!
They should be here to look upon
Our risen Lord. The Marys sweet,
Who wept low at His bleeding feet,
They should be here with all the sad
Five hundred; then their souls were glad.
They should be here, a mighty throng
To join in all the rapturous song
The angels sing. Wake, all ye hills!
And shout for joy ye murmuring rills!
Wake mount and sea! wake heaven and earth!
Sing gladder than at Nature's birth;
Sing sweeter than ye sang of old,
About the blessed Eden fold.
Oh! shout the song till every star
In all the boundless skies afar,

Shall hear and echo "Jesus lives!
The risen Savior who forgives;
The Son of God Who died for men!
The Crucified now lives again!"
O Fount of Joy, O wondrous plan
Now finished for redeeming man!

The Marys and Salome come;
But not till Christ has left the tomb.
Your spices are not needed now,
Upon the Resurrection brow,
Before whom all the angels bow.
And Hope and Joy shall never dim
To those who put their trust in Him
Who burst the bars of death alone,
To be our Savior on the Throne:
To wash our every sin away,
And hear our prayer and praise to-day.
Our sins and sicknesses He bore,
To make us free for evermore,
Through faith in His atoning blood,
Brought back to Holiness and God.
Forever more our Christ, the same,
To bless us through His blessed name;
To gather in one fold above,
Loving as only God can love.

Wild-Bird.

Denver, Colo.

THE COMING GLORY.

“It doth not appear what we shall be”

When there, in the King's court above,
We learn the sweet ways of the angels,
And bask in the smile of God's love:
When we have communed with the Holy,
And drank of His glorious thought;
“It doth not appear what we shall be,”
When after glad centuries taught.

“It doth not appear what we shall be,”

When thousands of ages have fled;
What robes shall be given, and what garlands
Shall there crown the glorified head:
What works shall be taught and what anthems,
What words of deep rapture be said;
“It doth not appear what we shall be,”
For whom God's own Crucified bled.

“It doth not appear what we shall be,”

When millions of years shall be flown;
There, there in the Holy One's palace,
His bride clothed in beauty His own.
What heights of felicity tasted,
What blooming and strength of the soul;
“It doth not appear what we shall be”
As onward the cycles shall roll.

Wild-Bird.

Denver, Colo.

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